MARVEL COMICS

#39

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DEADPOOL®

COME AND KNOCK ON OUR DOOR...

WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU...

PRIEST
DIAZ

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SO, BABE, TO SUM UP.

MY FRIENDS WERE ALL GONE.

SO WERE MY ENEMIES.

BUT OF COURSE, I SHOULD LEAVE YOU TO BECOME BETTER ACQUAINTUHD...

SSSZZZAAACCKK

LOKI CURSED ME.

I WAS HOMELESS.

NOTHING OF MY OLD LIFE REMAINED.

...IF WE COULD HAVE JUST THE BRIEF CEASE FIRE...

BLAM!

BLAM!

BLAM!

NOTHING.

BUT, OF COURSE, THE TENANTS ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL DAMAGE FROM SUPER-POWERED BATTLE--

--I CAN RECOMMEND AN EXCELLENT CONTRACTOR--

I WAS EVEN FORCED TO WEAR SOME LOW RENT SPIDEY THREADS SINCE MY CLASSIC DEAD DUDS WERE...WELL, DEAD.

SO I CHECKED OUT THIS REAL ESTATE WEASEL, HAYDEN. THE SUPER-VILLAIN UNDER-GROUND GIVES HIM FOUR SKULLS-- HIGHEST RATING.

HOOKS ME UP WITH A SUBLET.

--PERHAPS YOU WOULD PREFER TO CALL ME IN THE MORNING--

THE INK ON THE LEASE WASN'T EVEN DRY YET. BUT ALREADY--

--I'LL SHOW MYSELF OUT--

NOT SO FAST, BUD LITE--

SHROUDED IN STOLEN IDENTITIES AND CLANDESTINE SECRETS, THE MERC-WITH-A-MOUTH IS A MAN OF MYSTERY. HERO? VILLAIN? SOCIOPATH? **DEADPOOL** MAKES HIS OWN RULES AND PLAYS BY NOBODY'S GAME. HE IS AN AGENT OF CHAOS CONFINED TO A WORLD OF CONSTRICTING ORDER; BLASTING DOWN THE FOURTH WALL BRICK BY BRICK!

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

DEAD-POOL

JOHNNY HANDSOME

SCENE TWO

--THERE GOES THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

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PRIEST & DIAZ STORYTELLERS

JON HOLDREDGE & RICH PERROTTA
INKS
WITH ASSISTS BY CZOP & ELMER
SHARPEFONT & P.T. - LETTERING
SHANNON BLANCHARD - COLORIST
FRANK DUNKERLEY - ASSISTANT ED.
RUBEN DIAZ - EDITOR
BOB HARRAS - EDITOR IN CHIEF

HER NAME WAS *MARY*, BUT EVERYONE CALLED HER *SKEETER.**

I HOPED IT HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH HER PERSONAL *HYGIENE*...

*EVEN HER OTHER HALF, THE ABSORBING MAN, WHO IS AWAY ON BUSINESS, LUCKILY FOR 'POOL. THREE AGAINST ONE = NOT GOOD.--ROO

SO. YOU'RE *DEADPOOL*, HUH?

YOU CAN CALL ME *WADE*.

LIKE, WHEN YOU REPORT BACK TO *T-RAY* OR *L, L&L* OR *REGIS*, OR WHOEVER THE HECK *SENT* YOU--

--TELL 'EM WADE SAYS *BLOW OFF!!*

YOU *ALWAYS* THIS PARANOID OR IS THIS JUST FOR OUR BENEFIT?!

NOBODY'S TRYIN' T'KILL YOU, YOU IDIOT--

--WE *LIVE* HERE!

UH-HUH.

OKEY-DOKEY.

I'LL JUST GO ON AND *SURRENDER* NOW.

SILLY ME, WHAT WAS I THINKING?!

SO, OKAY, I *WON'T* CREATE A *POLAR LOOP* WITH YOUR OWN *ELECTRICITY*--

--AND SHORT-OUT YOUR CONTROL SYSTEM.

NOPE. WON'T DO THAT.

...NOT GOING WELL, IS IT, SKEETER...?

SSSZZZAAACCKK

PROBABLY YOUR APPROACH.

WATCH AND *LEARN*, FRANKIE BOY.

"WADE", IS IT?

WELL, HE'S *FRANK* AND I'M *SKEETER*.

AND *NEITHER* OF US IS TRYING TO *KILL* YOU.

WHAMMMPP!!

OH. OKAY. *NOW* I BELIEVE YOU.

SERIOUSLY-- 'POOL--

--GET A LIFE. TRYIN' T'BE A *FRIEND* HERE.

THINK IF I LIFT THIS *FRIDGE* OFF YOU, WE COULD COME TO *TERMS*?

WELL, MAYBE. LET ME THINK ABOUT IT.

WAIT--

--*THIS* ISN'T *ALBUQUERQUE*--!

WADE-- WHAT'S IT GONNA *BE*--?

--mmmmppffff--?!?

THAT...

...WILL GET YOU KILLED.

WRONG.

THAT WILL GET YOU KILLED.

SSSHH

YOU'RE SUPER-STRONG, DARNED NEAR INVULNERABLE...

...THOUGH I'LL BET GOOD MONEY THAT YOU'RE 50% SILICONE, BUT I DIGRESS...

...BUT IF YOU SUCK IN ENOUGH BIO-INHIBITOR, YOU CASH IT IN JUST LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE.

WHAT'S THE *MATTER* WITH YOU?!?!

YOU *IDIOT*—WE'RE ALL IN THIS *TOGETHER*—

WRONG "FRANK", AND HERE'S WHY:

YOU GUYS *KILL*.

BUT I'M A *KILLER*.

YOU MAY WANNA TAKE NOTES AT THIS POINT.

YEAH, BABE, THINGS STARTED A LITTLE *SLOW* AT THE NEW PLACE.

KLAAKK

WHUMP

KERRAAAKK

HARD TO BELIEVE *HOW CLOSE* WE EVENTUALLY BECAME.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

KERRAAAKK

PUNNT!

SMASH

IN FACT, WHEN I LOOK BACK ON THAT DAY NOW, I JUST LAUGH AND LAUGH.

GOSH, THOSE WERE GOOD TIMES.

VVVZZZTT!

WHUMP

BRAKKT

OKAY. I'LL *TAKE* IT.

A FEW SHORT WEEKS LATER, THINGS WERE *MUCH* BETTER...

NO, NO, WADE--YOU'RE A COMPLETE IDIOT.

MY GUY WOULD *CLEARLY* HAVE THE ADVANTAGE-- IN BOTH *STRATEGY* AND *INTELLECT*--

RUSSIAN TEA ROOM

FRANK-- YOU'RE WRONG. YOU'RE *ALWAYS* WRONG, AND THAT'S WHY *YOU* ALWAYS PAY FOR *DINNER.*

LOOK--I'VE *STUDIED* HIS TECHNIQUES--I *KNOW* HIS TACTICS. I'M *TELLING* YOU-- NO CONTEST.

GIVE ME ONE EXAMPLE-- JUST *ONE*--THAT WORKS. *ONE* SCENARIO WHERE HE COULD *POSSIBLY* WIN!

ONE!

YOU TWO AT IT *AGAIN*, HUH--?

IT'S *WADE*. BEING A *MUTT*, AS USUAL.

LET ME GUESS-- *TITANIC* VERSUS *STAR WARS*--?

NO, NO, SKEETER-- YOU'RE *WAY* OFF.

DRACULA VERSUS BUGS BUNNY.

THE RABBIT. IN A *WALK*.

MOST DEFINITELY *NOT*. I *HATE* BUGS BUNNY, AND REFUSE TO INCLUDE HIM ON THOSE GROUNDS. BESIDES, HE DOESN'T HAVE SUPER-MAGNETISM AS A POWER.

AND YOU BOYS ARE *HOW* OLD--?

HE'S *OUT. OUT,* I TELL YOU.

SO I'M AT THE *DENTIST*. YOU *READY* FOR THIS?

I'M PAYING *CASH*, RIGHT? BUT THE IDIOT RECEPTIONIST WON'T PROCESS ME IN UNTIL I GIVE THEM MY *EMPLOYER INFORMATION*.

YOU *BELIEVE* THAT?

I'VE GOT EIGHT HUNDRED GRAND IN MY PURSE FROM THAT BRINKS JOB, AND SHE'S "MA'AM"-ING ME FOR SOME *BOSS* I DON'T HAVE.

THAT *INSANE* OR *WHAT?*

HELLO?

I'M *LISTENING*.

YOU'RE THINKING ABOUT THE *RABBIT*.

Y'KNOW, VAMPIRES CAN TURN TO *MIST*, RIGHT?

THIS IS WHAT I'M SAYING! *THIS* IS WHAT I'M SAYING!

HE TURNS TO MIST--IT'S *OVER!* RABBIT FRICASSEE!

NO-- RABBIT PULLS AN *ACME VACUUM CLEANER* OUT OF NOWHERE. DRAC'S *TOAST*.

SO WE HAVE THIS BIG FIGHT.

YOU AND DRAC?

ME AND THE *DENTIST CHICK*.

I JUST WENT 3 OUT OF 5 FALLS WITH SHE-HULK, AND THIS AIR-HEAD'S SELLING ME THIS...THIS *NOISE* ABOUT MY "EMPLOYER".

SO, GUESS WHAT?

THAT'S IT, WILSON. I'M NOT TALKING TO YOU.

I PUT *YOU* DOWN AS MY BOSS.

A MAN'S GONNA BE *THAT* IRRATIONAL, HE HAS NO *BUSINESS* CONVERSING WITH US *SANE PEOPLE*.

ME?

YOU.

I'M YOUR BOSS.

YOU'RE MY BOSS.

AND YOU *STILL* OWE ME FOR THOSE MOVIE TICKETS!

WHAT DO YOU *DO* FOR ME?

BESIDES THE *OBVIOUS*.

I'M YOUR *PILOT*.

YOU'RE *MY* PILOT?

DO I HAVE A *PLANE?*

YOU DO *NOW*.

AND, WHY DO WE EAT HERE--THE *RUSSIAN TEA ROOM*--EVERY DAY?!

WHAT *IS* IT WITH YOU, WILSON?!

FRANK--IT'S ONE OF THE [redacted] PLACES IN TOWN WHERE WADE'S *SORCEROUSLY-IMPOSED* FACE WON'T STAND OUT.

HE LOOKS *EXACTLY* LIKE THOM CRUZ, IN CASE YOU HAVEN'T NOTICED.

I HAVEN'T. I DON'T "NOTICE" *MEN*, THANK YOU.

WELL, FRANK, MAYBE YOU SHOULD *START*. LOOK *AROUND* YOU--*ALL* THE REALLY *CHIC* SUPER-VILLAINS EAT HERE--THAT GUY OVER THERE--

--THAT'S THE *UNICORN*.

AND, LOOK--

--THE *RED GHOST*--

--AND, CHECK TABLE SIX--

--THE *GREY GARGOYLE*--!

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, JUST *STOP*.

WE ARE THE ONLY SUPER-VILLAINS *IN* THE JOINT, SKEETER.

AND *THIS* MOPE IS *DEFINITELY* NOT THE GREY GARGOYLE--

--

I'M REALLY STARTING TO HATE YOU.

HOW LONG DOES THIS LAST, ANYWAY--?!?

--AND, WHY DOES SHE GET TO PRETEND TO BE YOUR PILOT? WHY CAN'T I?

I'VE KNOWN YOU MUCH LONGER THAN HER--

FRANK-- MAYBE LAY OFF THE CAFFEINE, HUH--?

MOM--!! IT'S HER--!!

--THUNDRA!!

GRACIOUS-- YOU'RE EVEN MORE BEAUTIFUL IN PERSON!!

THUNDRA-- CAN WE TAKE A PICTURE--?

SURE THING, GRAMPS.

IN FACT, I'VE GOT ONE DEVIL OF A PHOTO FOR YA--

--YOU SHOULD TITLE IT--

SKKKRREEAK!!

--MY [redacted] IS NOT "THUNDRA"!!!

THIS HAPPENS A LOT?

SHE'S A LITTLE TOUCHY.

SO-- YOU FOLKS GOT IT YET--?

YES. THUNDRA IS THE OTHER 500 POUND MUSCLE WOMAN WITH RED HAIR.

HONEST MISTAKE

HELP US-- HOLLLLLP USSSS--!!

PLEASSSE-- RE--

--WE--

--SAY--

--AREN'T YOU--THOM CRUZ--?!

YEAH, WADE--WHAT IS *UP* WITH THAT *FACE*, ANYWAY?

HOW LONG IS LOKI'S *CURSE* GONNA *LAST*--?

UNTIL I *SUBMIT* TO HIM, OR SOMETHIN'. I DUNNO.

REMIND ME, WE SHOULD *INVADE ASGARD* AND OPEN A CAN OF *GRACIE JIU JITSU* ON LOKI--

--WHO, BY THE WAY, COMES OFF MORE THAN JUST A LITTLE *FEW*.

NOT PASSIN' JUDGMENT. JUST SAYIN'.

HERE. BE *CAREFUL* WITH THIS ONE.

--?!? WHY'S IT LOOK-- *DIFFERENT*--?

COULDN'T FIND THE ORIGINAL PATTERN--HEY, IT'S CLOSE *ENOUGH*.

IT'S NOT LIKE YOU'RE CAPTAIN AMERICA! YOU WANT *ACCURACY*? GET *KNOWN*.

OH, AND LOSE THE THOM CRUZ MASK. VERY LAME.

YOUR SUIT'S READY, TOO, MISS.

--?! MINE?

HADDA SMUGGLE THE FABRIC FROM ATTILAN. TOOK 13 TREATMENTS TO *DYE* IT.

BETTER *BRACE* YOURSELF FOR THE *BALL*, TOOTS.

THUNDRA

SKEETER--

--TAKE--

--MAYBE A LITTLE MIDOL FOR THAT ATTITUDE PROBLEM, WHAT SAY--?

I'M NOT LETTING GO OF THIS FAKE PILOT THING.

I PAY HALF THE RENT HERE--THIS IS COMPLETELY UNFAIR.

YOU-- YOU @#$%&!! I'LL GET YOU FOR--!!

HEY-- HEY-- STUPID--

--WE'RE VILLAINS.

THIS IS WHAT WE DO.

SHEESH.

GIVIN' ME A HEADACHE.

HMMM... DOOR LEFT OPEN.

NOT MY BIRTHDAY.

I'M JUST SETTIN' THIS IS BAD NEWS--

HAYDEN--!!

SOMEONE BUSTED IN AND STRUNG HIM UP--!!

NO. ME DID THAT, REMEMBER?
OH, THAT'S RIGHT...
BUT SOMEBODY HAS BEEN HERE. MAYBE, IF WE'RE LUCKY, THEY'RE STILL HERE.
--gasp--!! THEY--THEY LEFT!
THEY CAME ONLY TO DELIVER THAT MESSAGE, BUT OF COURSE...
...MR. WILSON--HOW LONG ARE YOU GOING TO KEEP ME HERE--
--AND WHY MUST I WEAR THESE GLASSES--?!
THE ANSWER TO YOUR FIRST QUESTION IS SHADDUP.
SO'S THE ANSWER TO YOUR SECOND.
THEY'RE GONE, WADE. THIS PROVES IT.
SOMEBODY LEFT US A MESSAGE ON THIS DVD.
SENDING US A "MESSAGE" ON VIDEO?
WHO ARE WE NOW, THE SUPER-FRIENDS?!
LEAST THEY COULD DO IS BE HERE WHEN WE GOT HOME...
...WHAT A RIP...
WE'LL KNOW IN A SEC, BOYS--
TITANIA!!
I SEE YOU'VE TAKEN TO SLUMMING WITH THE LIKES OF SOLICITING AND...
...APPARENTLY, THOM CRUZ... VERY ODD...
...AT ANY RATE--
DVD

--I HAVE A MISSION SUITED UNIQUELY TO YOUR ABILITIES! AS A FORMER MEMBER OF BARON ZEMO'S LAUGHABLE "MASTERS OF EVIL," YOU ARE IN A POSITION TO KNOW...

--? WHERE ARE YOU--

BORING.

AMEN.

BUT... YOU HAVEN'T EVEN HEARD WHAT HE WANTS--!

WHAT HE WANTS, BABE, IS TO GET EVEN WITH ME FOR THAT TUNE-UP I GAVE HIM--

--JUST LIKE YOU TWO.

*FANTASTIC FOUR #382 ROC

WE'RE PALS AN' ALL, BUT I KNOW NEITHER OF YOU IS, FRANKLY, MATURE ENOUGH TO ACCEPT OUR LITTLE HOUSEWARMING BUTT-KICKING.

I FIGURE, SOONER OR LATER, BOTH OF YOU WILL MAKE YOUR MOVE--

--WHICH, I GUESS, IS WHEN YOU'LL GET A REAL SENSE OF MY PERSONALITY.

WHERE'S THE DANG POUPON.

WHILE YOU'RE BEING RIDICULOUS. WE'RE ALL FRIENDS HERE.

THE TASKMASTER TRAINS HUNDREDS OF WANNABE SUPER-VILLAINS IN NEVADA AT HIS STUPID CRIME COLLEGE--

--AND AT LEAST ONE OF THEM WAS GOOD ENOUGH TO BREAK IN HERE. DOESN'T THAT BOTHER YOU?

NO. AND, Y'KNOW WHY?

WHY?

BECAUSE I'M JUST NOT FALLIN' FOR THIS. LOOK-

...TO MEET ME AT MY CRIME COLLEGE-- IF YOU DARE--

--THIS MOPE LURES YOU TO WHEREVER, AN HOUR LATER WE'LL GET A *DISTRESS CALL*, FRANK AND I RUN OUT THERE TO YOU--

--BANG. I GET WHACKED.

IT'S A *SETUP*, AND A MIGHTY *LAME* ONE, TITANIA.

I'M SETTING YOU UP.

YUP.

WHAT MAKES YOU SO *SURE*?

WE'RE *VILLAINS*. IT'S WHAT WE *DO*.

I'D SELL *YOU* OUT FOR REALLY GOOD *SOCKS*.

FOR SOME TACO BELL.

FOR *BRONCOS* TICKETS.

WADE...

YOU'RE WAY OFF, WADE--

...HECK, FOR *OPRAH* TICKETS...

SKEETER-- IT'S JUST THE WAY THINGS *ARE*.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN YOU AND *ME* IS I'DA CUT *YOU* IN ON THE VIG.

I FIGURE TM'S IN FOR LOW SEVEN FIGURES, WHICH *YOU* KEEP WHETHER I GET SNUFFED OR NOT.

YOU'RE INSANE.

AND, YOUR POINT *ISSS*--?

NOBODY IS TRYING TO HURT YOU--

FRONT ME THE DENTIST MONEY AND SKIP TO *CHAPTER 2*, WHERE I GET SUMMONED OUT THERE.

DONE.

AND, SO, BABE--THAT'S HOW I ENDED UP IN *NEVADA*...

HI-HO, MR. TASKMASTER JACK BOOT, SIR!

I KNOW YOU EXPECTED *TITANIA*, BUT SHE WAS BUSY GETTIN' *HER STACK* RE-STACKED!

BESIDES, *I'M* THE MERC YOU WANTED IN THE *FIRST PLACE*, SO WHAT SAY WE DROP THE *ALL MY CHILDREN* AND *GET THIS PARTY STARTED!!!*

...AH...

...HELLO...?

...THIS THING ON THE FRITZ--? I SAID *NEVADA*, NOT *SWITZERLAND*...

NEVER MIND.

GGHAAAAAHHHHH!!

YEEEAAHHHH!! KILL!!!!

SKEEEOOO!!!!

SKEEEOOO!!!!

HOW TO BE A SUPER-VILLAIN, LESSON 32:

"WHEN ATTACKING YOUR ENEMY, DO NOT SCREAM LIKE GIRL SCOUTS--

--AS THAT MAY TEND TO ALERT HIM TO YOUR PRESENCE, GIVING HIM THE SPLIT-SECOND HE NEEDS TO REACH--"

SKEEEOOO!!!!

BOOM--

BOOM--

--HIS CONCUSSION GRENADES!!

BOOOOOM!

BRAIAIAIAIAI AIAIAIAIAIAI AIAIAIAIAIAI

OH--AND GET SKULL BOY TO RECALIBRATE THOSE PLASMA RIFLES--

--"SKEEOO" IS A SERIOUSLY *LAME* SOUND.

MINE? MUCH BETTER.

OH, C'MON, ALREADY.

ENOUGH WITH THE ASSASSIN MEET-AND-GREET.

I ORDER *STEAK*, YOU SEND ME *SHRIMP COCKTAIL!!* I ASK FOR *CREED*, YOU SEND *LIONEL RICHIE!*

WE'RE RUNNIN' OUTTA *TIME*, BONES! WHAT SAY WE--

--SKIP THE *COMMERCIAL BREAKS* AND GET RIGHT *TO* IT!!!

BY THE WAY--THOSE TRAINING UNIFORMS *ARE* BULLETPROOF, RIGHT--?

--WOULDN'T WANNA ACCIDENTALLY KILL ANY O' YOU GUYS WHO ARE TRYIN' T'KILL *ME!*

AND, FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, FIX THESE GUNS!!!

SKEEOOOOO

NICE *HOLOGRAPHIC SUITE* Y'GOT HERE, BARNEY.

ALMOST HAD *ME* FOOLED FOR A SEC!

BUT, WHAT SAY WE JUST GET DOWN TO *BUSINESS*--

SKRREEAKITCH

--TASKMASTER!!

DEADPOOL--!!

WHAT THE *BLAZES* ARE *YOU* DOING HERE?!? WHERE IS *TITANIA*?

THE ANSWER TO YOUR *FIRST* QUESTION IS *SHADDUP.*

LOOK, BARNEY, YOUR *PHOTOGRAPHIC REFLEXES* WILL ONLY DO YOU ANY *GOOD* IF I *FIGHT* YOU--

--SO I *WON'T.*

YOU'LL TRY.

I'LL *KILL* YOU.

LOOK, TITANIA SENT *ME*, BARNEY, SO WHAT'S THE *DRILL?*

--?!? BARNEY--?!?

SURE, BARNEY TOASTMASTER. THAT'S YOUR *NAME*, RIGHT?

WHAT'S THE G:G AND HOW *MUCH* DOES IT *PAY?*

AND WHAT ABOUT *STOCK OPTIONS?*

THIS MISSION IS FOR *TITANIA* ALONE.

YOU'VE WASTED YOUR TIME COMING HERE, DEADPOOL.

DRACULA.

TASKMASTER-- WHAT DO YOU *WANT* FROM ME?!?

I HAVEN'T HAD ANYTHING TO *DO* WITH ZEMO IN *YEARS!*

TRUE...

...BUT THE ACCESS CODES YOU USED IN ZEMO'S EMPLOY MAY YET BE USEFUL FOR THIS TRAINING MISSION!

I'VE GIVEN ALL OF MY *CODES* TO *DEADPOOL*, TASKMASTER--

--BEST I CAN *OFFER* YOU, NOW.

AND SO ENDS THE SAGA OF WADE WILSON--?

I DUNNO, FRANK--

--BUT IF HE *DOES* SURVIVE, WE NEED TO BE PREPARED.

ONE WAY OR THE OTHER, MR. WILSON IS IN FOR A *SERIOUS* LIFE LESSON.

NOBODY BEATS ON TITANIA AND LIVES TO TELL.

KLIK

--?! WHERE'S THE GREY POUPON--?!

AM I KEEPING YOU *UP*, MR. WILSON--?

AS A MATTER OF *FACT*, NO.

I CAN SLEEP QUITE *SOUNDLY* THROUGH ONE OF YOUR LECTURES, BARNEY.

THAT SHALL, SOMEDAY, BE YOUR *UNDOING*.

WITH *TITANIA'S* ACCESS CODES, WE MAY BE ABLE TO GAIN CONTROL OF BARON ZEMO'S ORBITAL PLATFORM!

ABANDONED SOME YEARS AGO,* THE PLATFORM'S ORBIT HAS *DECAYED* AND IT WILL BE *DESTROYED* ON RE-ENTRY--

BARON HEINRICH ZEMO

--UNLESS-- >YAWN<--*WE* GET TO IT *FIRST*--!

JUST A GUESS.

NOT "WE", FOOL--

"NOT WE, FOOL"? WHO ARE YOU NOW, MR. T--?

--YOU WILL BE WORKING WITH THREE OF OUR *GRADUATE CANDIDATES*--

*CAPTAIN AMERICA #100 OR BLACK PANTHER #8. --ROO

WANNA MAKE SOMETHIN' OF IT, BUB?

OOOHHH--I'M *DDDYYYYYIN'!*

METHINKS MINE *PRICE* JUST WENT *WAY* UP...

THE *FOUR* OF YOU *STRIKE*-- AT *DAWN!!*

--ECLECTA, PYRON, AND MALOVICK!!

WHY? WHAT'D SHE EVER DO TO US--?

NEXT

WARRIORS FOUR!

The answer to your first question is shaddup.

DEADPOOL-DEADPOOL-DEADPOOL-

BEAST CHARMING
Perenially purveying a plenitude of purty, prettified pictures to my peerless pals!
HUMBLE CONTRIBUTOR TO #THECOMICRACK
Queries? Requests? Contact me at BeastCharming@yahoo.com
Pledged to scan all series great and small...